



You Don't See Colors

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You Don't See Colors by Distinguishedrunawaymiracle

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Summary:

“Hi.”

The other boy cocked his head to the side in confusion. “What’s the matter with you?”

Instead of responding Richie just poked the other boy on the cheek. A delightful red appeared on the others face and Richie decided that it was going to be his life’s mission to make that cute, red color constantly appear on the brunette’s face.

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Richie didn't expect to find his soulmate on the first day of Kindergarten. After all, he barely understood that soulmates existed. But there he was, doing exactly that. He intended to only introduce himself to the boy who sat next to him in class, and maybe, if things went well, gain a new friend. Richie started at the boy in front of him in awe. Everything about him was just beautiful. His brown hair, his brown eyes, even his horribly mismatched clothes.

"Hi."

The other boy cocked his head to the side in confusion. "What's the matter with you?"

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On the car ride home from school he couldn't stop gushing to his mom about the pretty colors he could now see nor could he stop from gushing about the cute boy who caused it. Mrs. Tozier just smiled and let him to continue to babble. She was happy that her son got to meet his soulmate so young, even if it was too early to really explain just exactly what that entailed.

"Hey, Eddie!" Richie yelled from across the school hallway.

The boy in question sighed in annoyance but still slowed his pace so that the other boy can catch up to him. "Isn't your class on the other side of the school?"

Richie brushed him off, "aww, you have my schedule memorized Eds? That's really romantic of you. You're going to make your mom jealous."

"Shut up, Richie." There was a second of silence before Eddie quickly added, "and don't call me Eds."

Richie looked at Eddie with fondness. It wasn't a secret that he was a little in love his best friend. It made sense though, he was his soulmate after all. "By the way, Bev asked everyone to meet them at the orange bench outside," Richie explained. He was so caught up with talking to Eddie he almost forgot what he even came here to tell him.

Eddie gripped the textbook in his hands a little tighter than usual. It was an action that if anyone else had been here they probably wouldn't have noticed, but Richie did notice. "That's not fair, you know I can't see color. Tell me which bench is orange."

Technically, he knew this was true. He's known for many years now that Richie did not change Eddie's life the way that Eddie changed his. It didn't stop the words though from going directly from Eddie's mouth to pierce his own heart. It was embarrassing, but Richie always secretly hoped that one day Eddie would just laugh and tell him it's just some big elaborate prank and that of course they're soulmates and I love you too.

Richie was awoken from his train of thoughts from a hand being waved in front of his face. "Earth to Richie, are you still in there somewhere?"

Richie grabbed Eddie's arm from where it was waving in front of his face and laughed. "Sorry, I was just thinking about your mom again," Richie ignored Eddie's squawk, "anyways, it's the bench closest to the tree behind the school." Eddie's face had shifted from an expression of calm to an expression of worry. Before Eddie could force the conversation to continue any longer, Richie needed to leave. While doing his best southern bell impression he could, he curtsied and said, "well I must be getting back, but I'll see you later darling." Then he speed-walked himself down the hallway to his class.

Richie had just barely made it to class when the bell had rung. He sighed in relief before quickly sitting in his desk. He let his breathing catch up with what was probably the biggest work out of his year. He tried to focus on the class, it was math after all. Something that Richie considered himself good at and a subject that he didn't hate. It was hard though. His heart hurt a lot. Being around Eddie was like a drug, it felt so good and nice in the moment but then as soon as it

wears off, you're left with this hollow feeling and the desire to just do it again.

It gets better, kind of. They're fifteen now and the entire loser's club are hanging out in Bill's basement. There was some bad zombie movie on screen but none of them were really paying attention to it. Richie was trying hard to ignore the fact that Eddie was practically laying on top of him. Trying, and failing. Richie was still unsure if it was a blessing or a curse that Eddie casually touched his friends so often.

Richie hadn't realized that he wasn't paying attention to the conversation until he overheard the end of whatever Bev had said, "she's not your soulmate?"

Richie suddenly perked up and started paying a lot more attention. Something he did a lot when soulmates are mentioned.

"Yeah, I don't really believe that your soulmate is the end all be all. Besides, she's cute and it's just one date." Eddie said nonchalantly. As if he didn't just turn Richie's world on its axis

Richie pulled Eddie into a bear hug. "Aww, my little Eds is growing up. Who's the lucky lady?"

Eddie wrestled his way out of Richie's grip, "Her name is Lily and she's in my physics class, and for the last time, stop calling me Eds."

"You can pretend like you don't love it all you want Eds, but I see through you."

It was at that moment that Richie tore his eyes away from Eddie and looked up to see the rest of the loser's. They were all giving him looks of confusion or sympathy and Richie suddenly felt sheepish. Thankfully, Eddie didn't seem to notice anything.

"So, Richie..." Bev said with a wild look in her eyes.

Richie gulped in fear. He looked at the rest of his friends for help but they all suddenly have a very similar look of mischief. None of them were as intimidating as Beverly's but it still wasn't something he wanted to see.

“Are you ever going to introduce us to your soulmate?”

Richie had no idea what they were talking about. “What do you mean?”

She rolled her eyes, “I mean, you’ve been able to see color for as long as we’ve known you and we have no idea who they are. We’ve all been wondering about it forever. We just want to know the girl who stole your heart.”

Richie looked at all of his friends in shock. “Was it not obvious? Me and Eddie’s mom have been happily together for a long time now.”

Somehow both surprisingly and not surprisingly it was Stan who finally spoke up, “you don’t have to lie Richie. Honestly, we’re kind of hurt that you’ve been hiding such a big thing from us. We always assumed that you would tell us eventually, but you never have and we’re your friends.”

Richie never knew how much his friends cared about this. He didn’t know what to say. He just assumed that they never thought about it before. But judging by the looks on their faces this is something they’ve all been wanting to know.

“I mean, I told you that Ben was my soulmate right after I found out.” Richie did realize the unfairness of that. He knew that he would have been disappointed if Bev hadn’t told him.

There were a lot of things he thought about saying. He thinks about saying his soulmate isn’t a match. He thinks about just confessing and finally saying the words he knows to be true out loud for the first time: I’m in love with Eddie. He even thinks about just saying I’m sorry. The words that actually come out of his mouth though are, “I’m gay.”

There was a pause that Richie was sure lasted forever but then Eddie just burst out laughing. Not just a light giggle either. No, this was heaving laughter to the point where his eyes were watering. He even snorted. God, this man is just adorable. Eddie was always known for his infectious laughter and then suddenly all seven of them were rolling on the floor on to of each other laughing.

After they finally settled down, they all ended up squished on the couch with Richie in the middle. “Y-You should have t-t-told us sooner.”

“Yeah, besides, you’re not even the only non-straight member of this loser’s club,” Eddie said.

“Wait, since when?”

Eddie giggled again, “Beverly and I are both proud bisexuals.”

Richie felt his jaw drop to the floor. On one hand, this was great news. He felt so alone even within the loser’s club. He thought no one would understand the struggles of being rejected for someone he loved. It turns out though, his best friends both relate to him and they both just assumed he could read their minds and know. However, on the other hand, Eddie likes boys. The love of his life, his soulmate, likes boys. He just doesn’t like Richie.

There used to be some comfort in the idea that Eddie physically couldn’t like Richie because of his dick. Turns out, it was just his personality and general appearance that turned Eddie off. What was worse, Eddie doesn’t care about soulmates. He’s still going on a date with someone who isn’t his soulmate. Yet, he still didn’t want Richie. Even though Eddie was all Richie has wanted for a very long time.

Richie lied. It wasn’t better and it will never get better. He was going to be in love with Eddie for the rest of his miserable life. He was going to just be his friend and watch as Eddie dated and got married and had children. They’re seventeen now and Eddie has a boyfriend. They’re not soulmates and Richie knows that their relationship is temporary. But one day it won’t be. One day it will be Eddie’s soulmate and not just some random guy.

They don’t hang out that much more either. It’s not even Eddie’s fault. He spends time with his boyfriend obviously, but he still makes time to spend a lot of time with the losers as well. It just hurts Richie too much now. He used to think that he would be content to get what he could of Eddie but recently it’s become harder and harder to convince himself of that.

So, he's been avoiding his soulmate for the last couple of weeks. Everyone, including Eddie, could tell but so far no one's said anything. Richie honestly thought that he was going to get away with slowly distancing himself from Eddie, but it turns out life had other plans.

It was only a couple of days later when Eddie confronted him in the hallway. Richie looked for an escape but there was no way to escape but to get past Eddie. But Richie was too tired to fight anymore.

Before Richie could even say anything, Eddie was already talking. "What the fuck is wrong with you? I've been trying to hang out with you, but you've just been avoiding me." Eddie frantically reached for something in his fanny pack before continuing, "I know for a fact that I haven't done anything wrong," he finally pulled out his inhaler, which Richie didn't even know he had anymore, and took a deep puff before finishing, "so you better apologize and maybe I'll accept it." Richie could hear the fire in his voice and in any other situation Richie would have found it endearing. That was a lie, Richie still finds it endearing and he hates it.

"I'm in love with you, that's my fucking problem!" Richie screamed in frustration. He planned on dramatically storming to class but Eddie wasn't having it. Richie went to walk away but Eddie gripped his arm a little too tight. "Let me go, Eddie."

"Like hell I will! Honestly, Richie, how dare you." Eddie said while dragging Richie down by the collar, so they were face to face. Richie would usually be turned on by something like that but now wasn't really an appropriate time. "You were my best friend and you still are my best friend but you're being a selfish asshole. My boyfriend broke up with me and I needed you, but you weren't there. And I thought you were in love with your soulmate. What the fuck happened to him?"

Eddie had said a lot and Richie didn't know which part he should respond to. "You're my soulmate. I saw color on the first day of kindergarten when I decided to introduce myself to the kid who sat next to me."

Whatever fire Eddie had when he first confronted Richie was now

gone, and he just looked as tired as Richie felt. "I'm sorry Richie. I didn't know." Richie could see the sympathy in his eyes and he hated it. That was what exactly what he was always scared of.

Richie shrugged and attempted to leave again. He knew he ruined everything with Eddie, and he didn't want to hear the rejection. However, Eddie blocked his path with a frown.

"Are you seriously about to leave me again? I'm sorry that I don't feel the same way about you but please... don't leave me again."

Richie suddenly felt the weight of how much of a fucked-up friend he really was. He decided to leave Eddie without any explanation. It's not like any of this was his fault. Richie pulled Eddie into a hug, "I'm sorry."

Richie never did move on. He's now forty years old and he's still head over heels in love with the tiny ball of anger that is Eddie Kaspbrak. So much has changed and so little has changed at the same time. For a while after the confession Richie acted much more cautious around Eddie but it only ended up in pissing him off so before he knew it they were just as touchy and flirty as usual.

Even so, Eddie never talked about his love life with Richie again. Richie was mostly thankful even if there was a part of him that was sad that he would never gain access to that part of his soulmate's life. It was just too painful.

They also live on other sides of the country. The space between them was hard at first, it still is sometimes. But he couldn't just chase Eddie around the world. He knew that Eddie deserved more than to be held back by Richie and it's not like they don't see each other anymore. The two of them text regularly both to each other and to the group chat and the entire loser's club got together ever Christmas.

So maybe Richie is still hopelessly in love with Eddie. So maybe Eddie doesn't love Richie like that. Richie still thinks he's the happiest he's probably ever been.